

# *Bandit in High-Heels*



A NEW TYPE OF PHOTO - FICTION

AN *Exotique* PUBLICATION

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Darkness had settled on Manhattan as Tana, one of Burlesque's top artists locked her door and went out to meet her dinner date. No sooner had the door slammed when the livving-room drapes were thrown aside and out stepped a vision in black. She had managed to sneak into the apartment earlier while Tana went next door for a moment's conversation. It hadn't been easy hiding there for this length of time, but now at last, the coast was clear and she could emerge safely and attend to her business . . . . robbery.

As Maurine, the "Lady Bandit" stepped out into the center of the room, her full beauty





became apparent . . . if there had been anyone there to enjoy it. From top to toe she was dressed entirely in black. Her head was covered by a sort of hood which barely concealed her red tresses. She wore a weird looking mask to cover her eyes and from her ears dangled a pair of unusual earrings that resembled some type of medieval weapon. They consisted of huge golden orbs from which protruded many sharp spears. The over-all effect was one of mystery and intrigue.

Around her waist, Maureen wore a wide leather belt that held her in tight by means of four straps and buckles. Beneath the belt was a





Maureen looked about the room. It was furnished in a smart modern decor that fitted it's owner. Her eyes focused on a hi-fi set that stood against the wall. "Well," she thought, "Might as well enjoy myself while I do what I have to do."

She walked toward the ebony cabinet and without a moment's hesitation - proceeded to place a stack of records on the changer and adjust the various controls for her own particular taste.

This done, she began to divest herself of



her clothing. It was hot in the apartment and she figured on being there for quite some time. Off came her blouse and hood. Beneath it, she wore a black lace-trimmed half-bra that barely succeeded in retaining her throbbing breasts. Next, she began to unbuckle the belt that encircled her trim waist. The belt was, actually, more a corset or waist-pincher than a belt. It held her already tiny waist in to even smaller proportions.

When the belt was off, she immediately began to slip her tight satin skirt down over her hips. It was quite a battle since her hips



seemed to bulge beyond the capacity of the material. Finally she achieved her goal and slowly, but surely, she slid the skirt down lower and lower until it fell about her ankles in a black puddle.

Beneath the skirt, Maureen wore a tight, black corselet. This then, was the way in which she managed to achieve her hour-glass figure. Both above and below her waist she must have measured at least thirty-six, but her mid-section certainly would tape-in at under twenty inches and most likely at seventeen or eighteen



inches.

Four elastic garters hung down from the corselet and were attached to the tops of her stockings. The stockings were pulled as tight as possible and clung to her legs from toe to thigh without the slightest indication of a wrinkle. Her thighs were plump and creamy. Her knees dimpled, and her calves full and shapely. They tapered down to tiny ankles that pointed out her size four feet.

Once out of the warm clothes, Maureen fell down on the couch to relax for a moment





before starting the search for whatever valuables she could find in the apartment.

After about ten minutes she arose from the couch and stepped toward the hi-fi set once more. She would need quiet to perform her search and the music was much too distracting. Suddenly, as she knelt before the cabinet she heard a noise. She waited breathlessly and suddenly it came to her ears once more. Now she was sure. Tana must be returning. She would have to hide.

Without a seconds hesitation, Maureen dashed behind the cabinet and waited for the appearance







of Tana.

She didn't have long to wait. She had no sooner hid herself, when Tana strode into the room. She was wearing a neat little black and white leather tam on her ebony tresses and from her shell-like ears dangled a pair of huge diamond earrings. She also wore a dark ming jacket and beneath it could be seen a wonderful black capeskin leather skirt. A long slit on the side showed off her beautiful legs clad in midnight black nylons. On her feet, she wore black patent leather sling pumps with full  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inch spike heels.



Tana had no sooner entered the room, when Maureen sprung from her hiding place with her gun in her hand.

"Put up your hands," she commanded, "and don't try to pull anything either. I'm just dying to use this gun!"

Tana knew better than to try to escape and so she meekly raised her hands as she was told.

"What . . . what is all this?" she asked.

"This, my dear, is a hold-up and if you play ball with me, and don't try anything, nobody will get hurt. Now, where do you keep your valuables?"





Tana knew better that to try and overpower her captor just now, but she also realized that she had but to wait for the proper moment and then overpower the other girl.

"I'm afraid you're wastig your time, my dear," put in Tana. "I really don't have a thing worth twenty cents other than what I have on my back."

"Okay then," interrupted Maureen. "Let's have what you've got on your back. . . . and make it snappy!"

Tana obeyed the smaller girl and began to





Tana laughed. "Oh yeah," she asked, "how about showing me how?"

"Maybe I'll do that," answered the redhead, "after I've gotten what I came for."

"Well, I can't very well take off any more than I have." put in Tana. "What do I do now?"

Maureen looked her over carefully. Her eyes ran from her high-heeled feet up over the shapely limbs, over Tana's bulging hips, past her waist and beyond her protruding breasts. Despite the seriousness of the situation, Tana had a sort of half-smile on her face. This, Maureen could-



n't quite comprehend. Oh well, she decided, as long as I get what I came for, I'm satisfied.

"Now, lie down on that couch over there. I'll have this gun pointed at you so don't get cute - understand?"

"I understand," replied Tana.

She crossed to the couch and threw herself down on it as instructed. Maureen, true to her word, didn't waver for an instant as she kept the gun pointed straight at Tana.

Slowly, Maureen walked toward the couch. Tana waited, her heart beating steadily. Finally,



Tana decided, the time was right. With a lunge, she sprang from the couch and grabbed for Maureen's gun at the same time. Her hand grasped the cold steel barrel and with a final twist, she had the gun free.

"Now, my red-headed Jesse Hames," she cried, "the tables are turned. Get up!"

Maureen threw herself at Tana in an attempt to regain the gun, but Tana was too strong for her. They wrestled together for a few minutes, but it was hopeless. With a final thrust, Tana shoved the other girl back on the









couch.

"Now stop this foolishness before I put you over my knee and spank you," shouted Tana.

The other girl looked at Tana's eyes and she knew the game was over. She was definitely and completely at Tana's mercy. Her only chance was to evoke sympathy from the tall brunette. She fell to her knees and pleaded with Tana.

"Please," she cried. "Don't call the police. I'll do anything . . . anything, but don't turn me over to the cops."



Tana stared at the girl beneath her.

"Don't worry," she said. "I won't call the police, but before I release you, I want to be certain that you don't forget me. Now," she spoke softly, "crawl!"

"Crawl?" inquired Maureen, "what for?"

"Never mind what for. Just do as I say or I'll really show you how rough I can get. Now do as I say before I lose my patience."

Maureen realized that Tana wasn't kidding. Slowly but without pausing she crawled along the floor to where the other girl stood. Tana



was rapidly losing her patience. Suddenly, without warning, she reached down and grasped the cringing girl's hair in her hand.

"Make it snappy before I pull your hair out by it's roots," she said. "Now get up on your feet . . . . FAST!"

Quickly Maureen sprung up from the floor. She stood before her master and waited for any further orders that Tana might have for her.

"You know something," Tana spoke, "I just had a wonderful idea. I think I'll make you my personal maid. How would you like that?"





"I wouldn't like it one bit," replied Maureen.

"Unfortunately, however," added Tana, "You don't have much choice in the matter so . . . . starting now you may consider yourself in my employ. . . . unless, of course, you'd prefer me to call the police - "

"No - no," shouted Maureen. "Anything you say . . . . anything - "

"Right. I knew you'd see it my way. Now, to seal the bargain, suppose we retire to the bar and have a drink on it."

"This," decided the new maid, "is the best



idea so far."

With no further ado, the two girls stepped to the bar and proceeded to toast to the new arrangement.

"Of course," instructed Tana, "there are a few things you'll have to learn. And, naturally, I'll pick out a suitable costume for you first chance I get."

"Suitable costume ? ? ? ?"

"Sure, added Tana, "my maid must be dressed like a maid should be dressed. You'll wear a cute black satin skirt - above your knees, black elastic



mesh hose AND - the highest heels I can find."

Maureen smiled. "You know, she said, "I think I might even grow to like this job."

Tana looked at the other girl and suddenly they both laughed.

"Think you'll go straight then?" inquired Tana.

"As straight as you'll let me. . . ."

Again both girls broke out into laughter. The hour was late, but they both knew that this was the beginning of a long and, they hoped, succesful, relationship. . . .

THE END. . . .



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